STATION,
& TELEGRAMS,
ST ASAPH.

PLOUGH HOTEL,
ST ASAPH,
N. WALES.

Sept 22nd 1889.

My dear Grace.

In the letter received from you last Friday, you spoke of a birthday remembrance or rather surprise which was to be sent two days later, This morning our mail came, & with it the surprise that it contained no photos, which I confidently expected would be the enclosure. I need not tell you how disappointed I am. I do so long for my darlings faces.

I am just a little bit afraid that the few days at school in Chicago will unsettle you somewhat at Oak Park. I am very anxious to hear how you are getting on with Prof Dodge? Who your teachers are? & so on. Are the parties all over at last? I am glad Mrs Hoyt has returned home. I trust she will have a settling influence on you. And so you are ambitious to have a blue stocking Mother? Are you sure you read the Reporter? I hope Cousin Jennie will like Oak Park, give her my kind love & welcome. Does any one know where Hattie is? I believe my last account of our goings, left us en route for Tintern Abbey. A Monastery of many centurys ago, but of such perfect proportions, that its beauty thrills the heart like some strain of enchanting music. The walls are perfect, though the roof has been gone entirely for so many generations, that the top of the walls resemble a luxuriant green garden. The magnificent arches, towering high, high over head, & the mammoth dimensions of the windows in the nave & chancel,

inspire one positively with awe.
Wordsworth wrote of Westminster,
"They dreamed not of a perishable house
Who thus could build". and the thought
with all the suggestiveness it contains
comes to you like an inspiration
within the glorious walls of Tintern.
Upon entering the ~~ruins~~ through a
stately guarded door, Papa went aside
to pay the admittance fee & buy a guide
book, & I sat down right by the door &
cried. I cannot describe my feelings.
The marvelous beauty, the solemn
grandeur, & the poetry of its past seem
to take my soul & lift it out of my body

PLOUGH HOTEL,
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I think it was a moment which someone has said never comes in life, when a mortal would willingly say, "Stay". I think I could have grasped it, & said "Stay forever". For it was not merely the delight an appreciative human creature always takes in the contemplation of the beautiful, but a spiritual discernment of the great truth that all created perfection is an inspiration of the great Creator Himself.

There are some remains of a drastic mosaic floor, but the stone pavement of the ~~the~~ Church, has given way to a perfect carpet of green sward & here & there are piled remnants of the carved decorations, which from time to time have crumbled from the walls.

The cold wet weather has somewhat curtailed our pleasure here, but we have had some lovely walks, between the showers; sometimes taking shelter beneath the trees

& sometimes in the cottages by the way side. It is too cold to drive

Friday we tramped to Denbigh seven miles & a half, returning on the train. Denbigh Castle stands on a very high bluff right in the centre of a magnificent valley, with high hills rolling up on every side, & the town creeps up to its very feet. It is a very interesting ruin with I think the finest views we have seen in Europe, that is the loveliest. North Wales is a paradise. Yesterday we walked to Boddelwyddan Church & back, three miles from here. Eighteen different kinds of marble are used in the interior decorations & it contains the most magnificent window I have ever seen. The font is also very beautiful being a likeness from life of two little girls holding between them a large shell which contains the baptismal water. This was especially interesting to us, because you would not know the Church when we were here before until you had kissed the white babies as you called them. Our little baby Grace seems with us all the time this place is so full of memories of her. Fondest love & kisses to the precious child From her devoted

Mother.

Miss Grace Hall.
519 Forest Ave.
Oak Park.
Chicago Ill.
U. S. America.

LIVERPOOL
1889